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"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE!"

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Poetry.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

If when night comes, and every one seems sleeping,
And you alone your visus sad are keeping,
Wear with grief,
If in your heart there comes no hope of gladness,
But whirling thoughts loaded with pain and sadness,
With no relief—
You are not the only one.

Friends have vanished all, and you are lonely,
The future seems increase of torture only,
To try your soul,
In the grave your loved ones all are lying,
And faith and hope are fast within you dying,
None to console,

You are not the only one.

No, not the only one!—Around us languish thousands of fainting ones, 'neath such deep anguish:
As yours to-day;
But bend not, break not 'neath your load of sorrow,
For earth's dark night leads to a heavenly morn—

For this then pray!
You are not the only one.
—L. F. S. Barnard.

TWO CAREERS.

So much one thought about the life beyond,
He did not dream the waters of his pond;

And when death laid his children 'neath the sod
He called it "the mysterious will of God."

He would not strive for worldly gain, not he—
His wealth, he said, was stored in God's To Be.

He kept his mortal body poorly dressed,

And talked about the garments of the blessed;

And when to his last sleep he laid him down,

His only mourner begged her widow's gown.

II.

One was not sure there was a life to come,
So made a heaven of his earthly home.

He strove for wealth, and with an open hand
He comforted the needy in his land.

He wore new garments often, and the old
Helped many a brother to keep out the cold.

He said this life was such a little span,

Man ought to make the most of it for man;

And when he died, the fortune that he left

Gave succor to the needy and bereft.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Miscellaneous.

OLD LADY PRATT.

BY ANNA FULLER.

Old Lady Pratt was failing, and being a shrewd old lady, even at the age of ninety-one, she was very well aware of the fact.

"My faculties ain't what they used to be," she would say, with all her old decision in statement. "I ain't what I used to be, nor what my mother was at my age, and I ain't going to be flattered into thinkin' I be."

Everybody liked Old Lady Pratt, though many people were a little afraid of her. Her bright black eyes dimmed as old age crept upon her, but they rarely softened. The deep, clear-cut furrows in her dark face were the marks of alertness, good sense, and humor rather than of gentler qualities.

A black "front," with a straight, up-crumpling muslin "part," hid the grace and dignity of her white hairs. Her speech was always incisive, often piquant, but never tender. She sat so straight in her chair, thanking Heaven that she had a back of her own—that she never gave that impression of feebleness which makes old age so irresistible in its appeal to the kind-hearted. Dr. Baxter, the oracle of the neighborhood, used to say of her that she was "keen as a brier," and that was the accepted estimate.

The respect in which she was held among her acquaintances was negatively indicated by the fact that nobody ever thought of calling her "little," though her height was in reality a trifle short of five feet.

She suffered no pain nor discomfort in her latter days, and she was willing enough to "bide her time," but after her ninetieth birthday she began to realize that life had lost something of its relish.

"Grandma," said her great-grandchild Susie one day, "when you are hundred years old your name will be in all the papers."

The old lady turned her gleaming spectacles upon the rosy young person of sixteen, and a queer look came into her face. "I hope my name will be in the papers before that," she said, easily.

"What do you mean, grandma?"

"Mean, child? Why, among the 'deaths and marriages,' to be sure."

Miss Susie was a rather thoughtful child, and after gazing for a moment at the redicker in the glassing window of the stove, said, "Grandma, would you like to live our life all over again, just as it has been?"

"Yes, I should," said Old Lady Pratt. "For one reason," she added, in a lower voice.

"I should think it would make you tired of thinking of all those years."

A wonderful, bright, youthful look came into the aged face. "Nothing could make me tired if your grandfather was alive again. Just there? What do you know about that?"

"I wish I could remember Grandpa Pratt," said the little girl, sympathetically.

"Tell me about him."

"There isn't much to tell. Only he was the best man that ever lived, I do believe. You've seen his pictur?"

"Oh yes, grandma; and it looks so much like Walt Scott's."

"He was a great reader of Scott, and had very high opinion of his works. But I always said it was just as honorable a calling to be a builder of houses, like your grandfather, as to be putting up castles in the air that never kept the rain off anybody's head."

There was a silence, during which the glass gave an occasional crackle, and once the whole body of the stove seemed to catch itself and sigh profoundly.

"Susie," said grandma, after a while, "I hope you ain't goin' to be like your old maid sters. There's Mattie, twenty-three years last 'leaving, with no more idea of marryin' than she had ten years ago. Mark my words, child, a woman should be early married. Your grandfather was courtin' me when I was your age, and at seventeen I was happy bride."

"But, grandma," said Susie, deprecatingly.

ly, yet with a light-hearted laugh. "There isn't a single person courting me. What am I to do about it?"

To the old lady it was no laughing matter. She frowned a little and looked slightly contemptuous. The rising generation seemed to her very slow and unenterprising, in spite of their railroads and telegraphs. Was a man more of a man for being whisked over the earth's surface at the rate of twenty miles an hour? Shut! How many of them would walk from Framingham to Boston and back, as her grandfather had done, to fetch a betrothal ring for his sweetheart? She wore the ring to-day, a thin gold circle with the outlines of a cuff just discernible upon the earth's surface at the rate of twenty miles an hour? Shut! How many of them would walk from Framingham to Boston and back, as her grandfather had done, to fetch a betrothal ring for his sweetheart? She wore the ring to-day, a thin gold circle with the outlines of a cuff just discernible upon the earth's surface at the rate of twenty miles an hour? Shut! 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GOLD.

Gold! gold! gold!
Everywhere gold!
Men's hearts are sold
And wedded to gold;
And they tighten the links of their slave
chains,
And gaudily gloat o'er their sordid gains.

In the crowded street
Where the people meet,
And hurriedly great,
They talk of gold, if they talk at all—
On the yellow gold, and its rise and fall.

'Tis the magnet strong
Which hurries along
The feverish throng

Towned the destined mart, where fraud and art
And all things evil enact their part.

'Tis the nation's king
And the people bring
To this impious thing

All the honor to that God and art
Who did try each heart on His judgment
throned.

'Tis the test of worth:
And the coarsest earth
Of plebian birth

Shows the fine and precious when gold transforms
The vulgar rich into flaunting worms.

Conscience and truth,
Beauty and youth
Even life, forsaken.

All fall to this god of power,
Not pure norimer that
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Shall witness the curse of the murderous sway
In the lawyer's plea
The plain to see
That the yellow fee
Reaches far, than the righteous cause,
And mangles the sacred laws.

In the gorgeous fane
We note with pain
The rampant reign,

With the nurse-proud man, and the Pharsus,
And the usurped priest, all worship thee.

Gold! gold! gold!
Everywhere gold!

Wealth and all its gold;
And if half were told
Of the various crimes which are wrought by

The cold steel, and the blood run cold.
—Adelaide Trowbridge, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE TWELFTH OF MARCH.

When Two Hearts Bless the Bick
ard of That Date.

"Hark!"—
Soaring through the deep drifts
Of bounding snow, Jack Felton had
suddenly stumbled upon a dark figure
standing motionless in the deserted
snow.

It was the evening of the 12th of
March, 1888, a date made memorable by
the "Great Blizzard," which raged with
unprecedented violence throughout New
England.

The sidewalks were impassable; and
Jack, warmly wrapped in a sealskin
coat with a fur cap pulled down over
his eyes, was struggling desperately
through the drifted snow, taking the
middle of the street.

His progress being impeded for a mo
ment by a higher mound than usual, he
had been surprised to see the vague out
lines of a human figure five or six feet
away.

"Hello!" he cried, cheerfully. "Talk
ing a rest?"

Some muffled words came in re
sponse, but they were drowned by the
frightful roarings of the storm.

"Never saw any thing like it!" Jack
gasped, recovering his breath with diffi
culty. "I was mad to leave the down
town hotel. But I thought it would be
glorious fun. Hungry if I find any en
joyment in an experience like this, though! Whew, what a wind! And I'm in
the snow up to my arm-pits. No one
could live exposed long to such a storm."

Silence. The snow-covered figure
never stirred.

"You must be tired out, stranger,"
Jack said, compassionately, wriggling
his way through the white mound. "I'm
strong and hearty. I'll push ahead and
break a path. We had better make for
the nearest shelter."

The sentence ended in a sharp cry of
amazement.

"Good Lord, if it isn't a woman!
Why, you poor little thing, what has
driven you abroad in a blizzard like
this?"

And Jack stared in breathless bewil
derment at the small cloaked and hooded
figure about which the piercing wind
whirled the falling snow.

"My little cousin was taken suddenly ill," came the answer in a sweet voice
that thrilled his heart. "I had to go to
the druggist's for medicine. There was
nobody to send, and Benny would have
died before morning!"

"What madness! You might have
perished! Where do you live?"

"We can't be far from the house. I
was so exhausted I had to rest a mo
ment. You will see a light in the win
dow. My aunt will be watching for
me."

"You have the medicine?"

"Yes."

"Good. Keep a brave heart. We
will get it to Benny yet."

In a twinkling Jack Felton had thrown
off his warm, furred great overcoat and
wrapped it about the girl's shivering
figure.

"Now, keep close behind me," he said,
clasping her slender, gloved hand. "I
will take care of you."

It was a desperate struggle. For all
his sturdy strength, Jack made slow
progress through the huge drifts. But
his big, generous heart was beating
strangely.

Mingled with the satisfaction of being
of service to a helpless fellow-creature
was another feeling that thrilled and
quivered every pulse.

Something in the girl's voice had re
minded him of Lillian Verno. Sweet
Lillian Verno, the one love of his life,
from whom he had been cruelly parted!

That was three years before. The Indians,
who were then quite plentiful in and
about Perryburg, were caught by the
native attraction. They went crazy over
the bell. And the small cartridge pocket in
front of a man in Detroit who cast
bells.

With his treasure, almost worth its
weight in gold, Spafford returned to
Perryburg and hung the bell up in a
tree in his yard so that it might be in
vestigated by the curious.

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"I wonder if she has the least look
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and streamed upon the wind.
Suddenly she lurched forward with a
half articulate moan, and her small
head rested motionless against the dead
coldness of the snow.

"Poor little thing! She has fainted
from exhaustion—and no wonder!"
Jack exclaimed, lifting the senseless
figure tenderly in his arms.

Just then a halo of pale light glim
mered through the darkness. Rightly
concluding this was the beacon to which
reference had been made, he struggled
toward it with his precious burden.

The front of the house was half
buried from sight; but he found a door
on the south side, from which the snow
had been swept away.

It flew wide open at the first sound of
its step upon the porch, and a woman
looked anxiously out.

"Is it you, dear? I have been so worried—"

The sentence ended in a cry of grief
and terror as she caught sight of a
stranger bearing an inanimate form in
his arms.

"My niece has perished in this terrible
storm! I tried my best to keep her but
she would go for the medicine. She is
very fond of little Benny, and could
not bear to see him suffer. It was her
to risk her life so bravely an
heroically! But, oh! I can never for
give myself."

Jack strode past the weeping woman
and laid his burden on the shivering
and covered lounge.

"Bring restoratives," he cried. "Quick;
woman; every moment is precious."

With his own hands he removed the
snow-covered hood.

As he looked down upon the white
upturned face of his own girl, pale
and heeled like a drunken man."

"Lillian!"

The word broke from him in a half
convulsive sob of anguish. No words
that voice had sounded startlingly
familiar. It was the girl he ardently
loved, but had never expected to see
again.

What did it all mean? He had been
told she was thousands of miles away.

He snatched the restoratives. Mrs.
West brought, and thrust into her hand
the little package Lillian had run such a
frightful risk to procure.

"Look to your little one. I will do
what is necessary here."

The woman gave him a long, searching
look, and passed on to an inner room.

Jack pressed a passionate kiss upon
Lillian's unswelling lips; then with a
cautious gesture of self-restraint, began
rubbing her cold hands and temples.

It seemed an age before there came a
faint, fluttering breath, and her big blue
eyes blazed beamingly up to him.

"So I am. But I can not understand
your being here, Lillian."

She sat up, and suddenly put her hand
to her forehead.

"I remember all now," she said at
length. "I had sunk down exhausted
in the snow. A stupor was creeping
over me. I knew it meant death. But
I did not seem to care. Then you came.
I knew you the instant you spoke. Your
presence gave me fresh courage and
strength. I rose and struggled on again
until I could go no further. And now I
am safe, thanks to you."

Jack looked down at her with a
strange light in his eyes and his breast
heaving.

"Lillian, don't keep me in suspense—
you owe me an explanation. I—I thought
you were in Europe, traveling with your
husband."

Lillian seemed to struggle with her
self a moment, as if there were some
thing she wanted to say and could not
find the courage.

"Mr. Vose did propose to me," she
whispered, falteringly, "but I refused him."

"I am not married," she answered, with
a faint blush.

The young man leaned nearer. He
trembled with excitement; his breath
came and went quickly.

"Rumor said you were engaged to
Richard Vose three years ago and
would go abroad on your honeymoon.
trip. I never heard it contradicted."

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self a moment, as if there were something
she wanted to say and could not
find the courage.

"Mr. Vose did propose to me," she
whispered, falteringly, "but I refused him."

"Because I loved another letter."

"Do you mean me, darling?"

No need to record the answer. When
Mrs. West peeped out from the sick
room a moment later the big blonde
stranger sat on the lounge with his arm
about her niece's waist.

"A romance of the blizzard," she said
to herself, smilingly. "I suspect there
were many others."—Rott Winwood, in
Boston Globe.

STORY OF A BELL.

The Origin and Vicissitudes of a Bell
a Bygone Period.

On top of the little hotel at Elmore, a
small village north of this city, is a
bell with a peculiar and interesting history,
written by a St. Louis Globe-Democrat
correspondent from Findlay, O. It is
the property of D. B. Day, the pro
prietor of the house, who takes pride in
reciting the origin and subsequent tribu
lations of this relic of a bygone period.

In 1832 Jarvis Spafford built a tavern in
Perryburg, once the site of old Fort
Meigs, of the war of 1812 fame. In those
days a hotel was not complete without
a bell swung on the top to call the
guests to their meals. Bell founders were
not so plentiful in those times, but
Spafford had a considerable inquiry. Mr. Spafford
heard of a man in Detroit who cast
bells.

Detroit, then in the Territory of Michigan,
was quite a remote point, as distance
was then calculated, but Spafford had
to have a bell, and he finally made
his way thither to have it cast.

The bell-man was found and the job under
taken, but when the foundry endeavored
to make the cast it was discovered
that there was not enough metal for
the purpose. Here was a dilemma, but
Spafford was equal to the emergency.

He threw thirty-six Spanish dollars into
the molten mass, and the bell was cast.

Among Europeans this combination of
the woman and the warrior could not
be imagined. Here, it is explained by
the peculiar formation of the negro
skelton. The skeletons of negro
women (in striking contrast to those of
the mulattoes) are strikingly like the
skeletons of male negroes.

The assertion is untrue that the
amazons of the "Chacha," all of
whom have served in the army of Abomo,
are women between the ages of eighteen
and twenty-five, and as the "Chacha"
does not go to war they are naturally
only kept for show. They have no
artillery barracks, but live like the thirty
male soldiers, in different quarters of
the town, whence they are called together
whenever they are wanted. At their
first entrance, when marching up in a
long procession, they saluted their lord
and master, and were astonished at the
military exactitude of their movements.

Imagine sixty young women, strong
and slender, who, without losing any of
their womanliness, present a decided
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